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NO. 9
DEC. 1952

MONTY HALL OF THE U.S. MARINES

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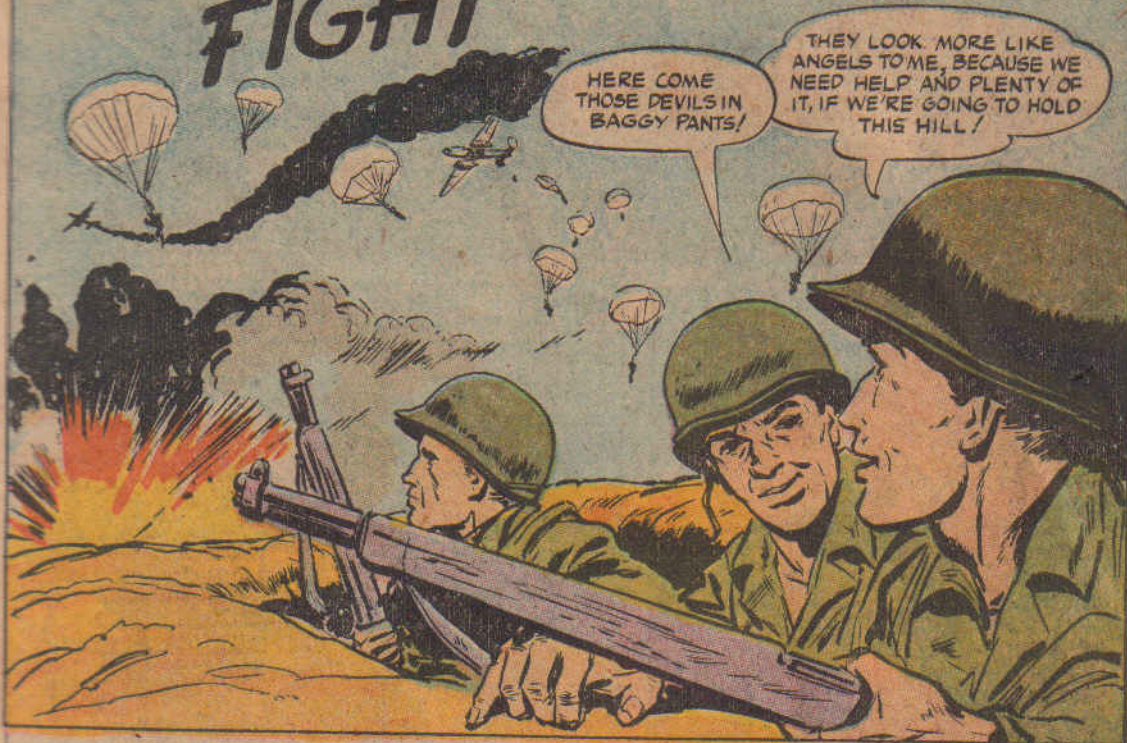
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MONTY HALL

IN

"FEATHER FIGHT"

MONTY, TEX AND CANARSIE ARE PART OF A MARINE DETACHMENT THAT HAS BEEN HOLDING A VERY IMPORTANT HILL AGAINST GREAT ENEMY SUPERIORITY. NOW, AT LONG LAST, THEY'RE GETTING RELIEF. THE SKY IS BRINGING IN PARATROOPERS (THE DEVILS IN BAGGY PANTS), AMMUNITION AND FOOD.









KEEP ME COVERED NOW, 'TILL I GET TARZAN UP THERE OUT OF HIS NEST!

WILL DO, MONTY!

MONTY MEETS SMOKEY ADAMS, PARATROOPER!

YOU LOOK REAL NICE AND COZY, MAC.

I'M RELAXIN', BUD. JUST RELAXIN'.



DO YOU GALOOTS WIN ANY MEDALS FOR LANDING IN TREES? IF YOU DO, YOU'RE IN LINE FOR A BIG ONE, BECAUSE YOU PICKED THE ONLY TREE FOR A COUPLE OF MILES AROUND!

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT TAKES REAL TARGET JUMPIN'!



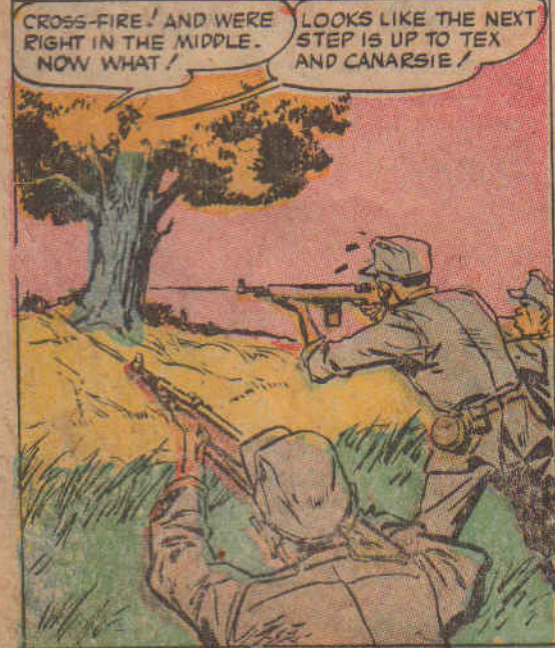
HEY, THEY GROW BEES BIG IN KOREA!

BEES, NOTHING! THOSE ARE BULLETS BUZZING BY!



CROSS-FIRE! AND WERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE. NOW WHAT!

LOOKS LIKE THE NEXT STEP IS UP TO TEX AND CANARSIE!



THOSE STEPS YOUR PAL'S ARE TAKIN', LEATHERNECK, SURE SEEM TO BE LEAVIN' US HIGH AND DRY!



NOW I KNOW WHAT A RACCOON FEELS LIKE WHEN A 'OUND DOG'S GOT HIM TREED!

AT LEAST HE'S GOT SOMETHING SOFT TO SIT ON. SURE WISH I HAD CANARSIE'S PILLOW HERE.



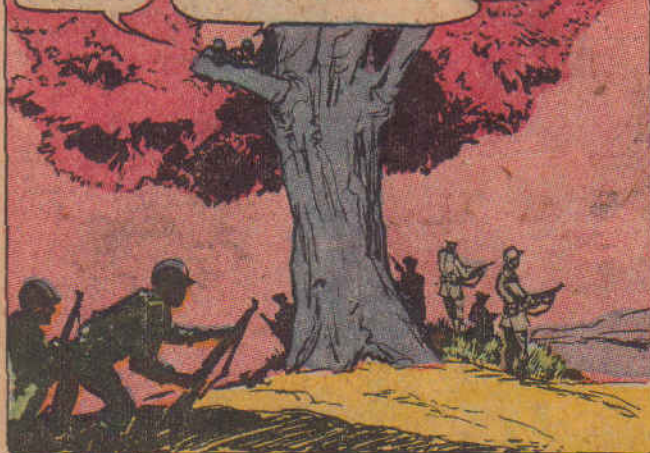
NOW WHAT, LONE COWBOY? THEY'RE JUST SITTIN' THERE WAITIN' FOR MONTY AND THE OTHER GISMO TO DROP IN THEIR LAPS!

WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH 'EM, SEEN' AS HOW THEY DIDN'T FOLLOW US AS I'D RECKONED THEY WOULD!



YOUR BUDDIES ARE BACK, MONTY!

GOOD! GIVES US A CHANCE TO WORK OUT AN IDEA I'VE GOT, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST.



SURE HOPE THIS WORKS, LEATHERNECK.

SO DO I, SMOKEY. SO DO I!



OKAY, LET'ER DROP.



GERONIMO!

SEMPER FI!





BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SLUG. IT MIGHT BE EITHER TEX OR CANARSIE.

I'LL APOLOGIZE LATER!



FEATHERS!

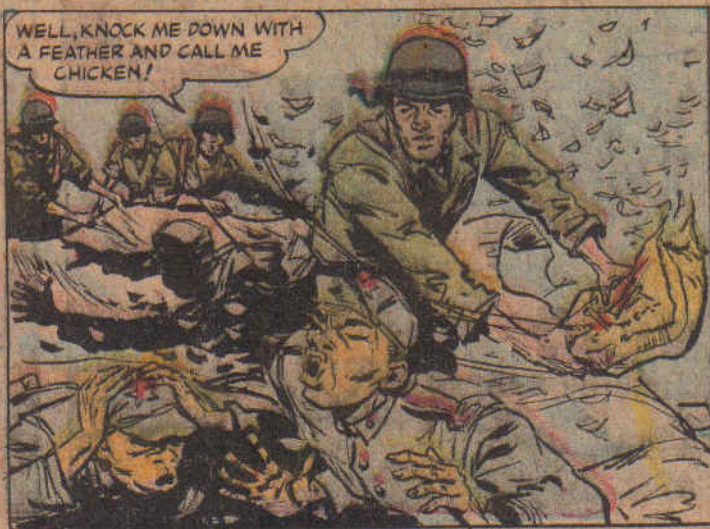
WHAT? WHAT DID HE SAY?

SOUNDED LIKE "FEATHERS." COULDN'T BE, NATCH!



IT WAS "FEATHERS"! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THERE? SPROUTING WINGS?

PULL THAT NYLON BED-SPREAD AWAY AND YOU'LL SEE!



WELL, KNOCK ME DOWN WITH A FEATHER AND CALL ME CHICKEN!



I JUST GOT MAD WHEN THAT CHUTE LANDED ON TOP OF US, AND EFFIE WAS HANDY!

SHE SURE WAS STUFFED!



HEY, GISMOS, NOTICE SOMETHING? IT'S GOTTEN MIGHTY QUIET AROUND HERE. MAYBE THE FIGHT IS OVER!

MONTY WAS RIGHT. THE REDS HAD RETREATED SUDDENLY AND THE HILL WAS SAFE.



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE MOPPED UP THE JOINT!

WITH AN ASSIST FROM US PARA-TROOPERS!

YOU ROLLER-COASTER JOES HAD BETTER THANK EFFIE TOO. SHE MIGHT BE ONLY A FEATHERWEIGHT, BUT SHE'S TOPS IN HER CLASS!

THE END

**MONTY
HALL**

AND

THE BIG RHUBARB!

THAT OUGHT TO WAKE UP TH' HONORABLE MR. COWBOY, DACY LANG— GOOD AND PROPER, MONTY!

—AS WELL AS GETTIN' SOME DIRT OFF HIM CANARSIE!

SOAP IN CAN, PUT IN WATER!

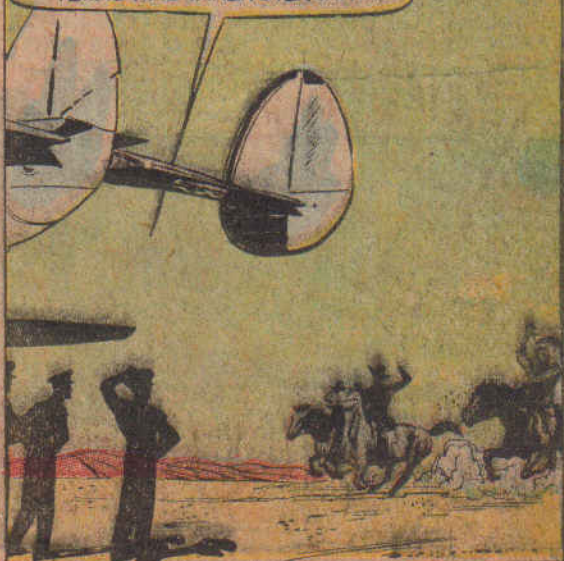


MONTY, TEY AND CANARSIE ARE IN JAPAN ON THE LITTLE R. THAT'S THE G.I. NAME FOR THE ROTATION PLAN THAT BRINGS THE FIGHTING MEN FROM THE KOREAN FRONT FOR A FEW DAYS FURLOUGH AND FUN. THE BIG R. TAKES THEM BACK HOME TO THE UNITED STATES! BUT THANKS TO DACY LANG AND HIS WILD WEST SHOW, THE THREE LEATHERNECKS FIND THAT IN THEIR CASE THE LITTLE R. MEANS A BIG RHUBARB OF EXCITEMENT AND DANGER!

THERE'S MOUNT FUJI, GYRENE. THAT'S SOME SIGHT!

THE ONLY SIGHT I WANT TO SEE IS A BED WITH REAL SHEETS. THEN I'LL SLEEP FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. AFTER THAT, WATCH OUT, FOR HERE COMES CANARSIE!!

HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? SURE LOOKS LIKE TEXAS HAS TAKEN OVER JAPAN!!

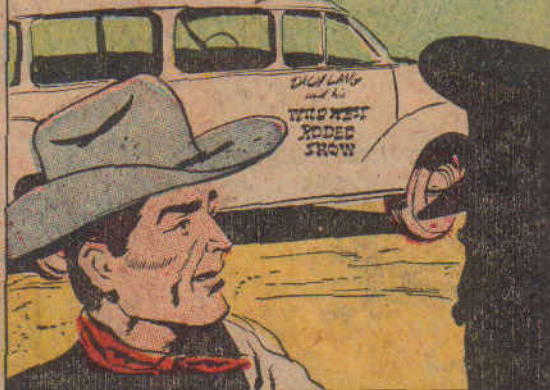


HEARD YOU WERE ARRIVIN' WITH THIS BATCH OF LITTLE R'S, TEX. SO I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A REAL RIP-SNORTIN' TEXAS BLOWOUT.

DACY LANG! LAST I SAW OF YOU, YOUR MUG WAS ON THE COVER OF 'PEER', THE PICTURE MAGAZINE!



OH, SHORE, I'M REAL FAMOUS. GOT ALL THE PURTY GIRLS CHASIN' ME. I CAME OVER TO GIVE YOU HOMBRES IN SERVICE A REAL TREAT. EVEN GOIN' TO SPREAD SOME GOOD WILL AROUND FOR THE GOVERNMENT!



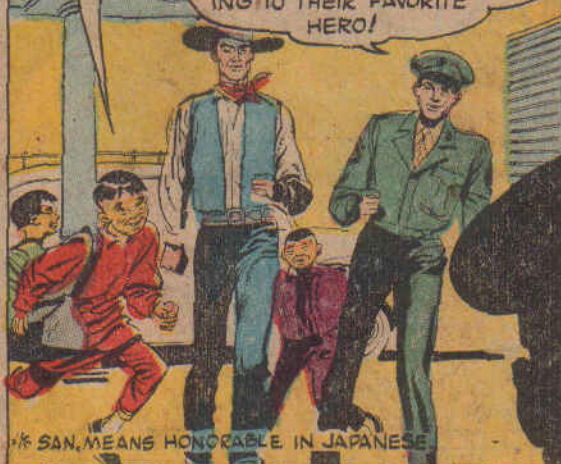
THIS IS THE LIFE, NOTHIN' TO DO AND ALL DAY TO DO IT IN!

YOU GUYS JUST LIGHT AND REST YOUR SADDLES. ALL THREE OF YOU ARE GOIN' TO BE MY GUESTS!



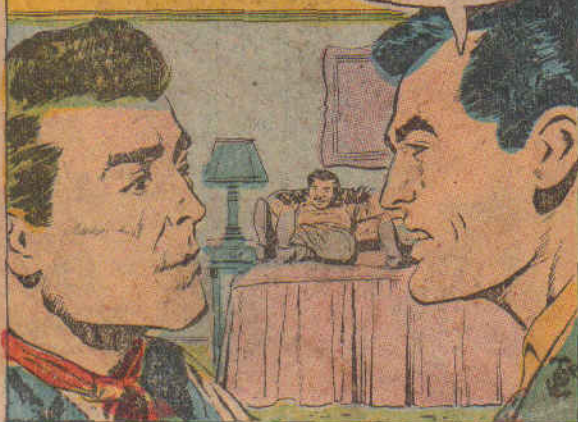
IT'S DACY LANG, COWBOY-SAN!

LISTEN TO THEM, KIDS ARE KIDS NO MATTER WHERE. WHY THESE COULD BE AMERICAN KIDS YELLING TO THEIR FAVORITE HERO!



YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, MONTY. WHEN YOU SAID THOSE JAPANESE KIDS WERE LIKE AMERICAN ONES, WE'VE BEEN TOO GOOD TO THESE PEOPLE, THAT'S WHAT!

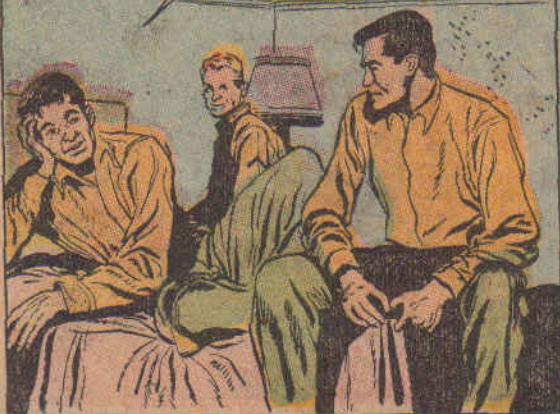
I DON'T GET YOU DACY!



YOU'RE JUST ACTIN' DUMB, MONTY. YOU AIN'T AFOOLIN' ME. WE LICKED THOSE NIPS AND JUST 'CAUSE THEY BOW AN' SCRAPE ALLOVER THE PLACE, NOW WE THINK THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS. WELL, THEY AIN'T NO FALS OF MINE.



SO ALL RIGHT, THIS DACY CHARACTER IS STRICTLY MUSH BETWEEN THE EARS ON SOME THINGS. BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO PULL OUT OF HERE? JUST FEEL THIS BED! IT'S JUST MY TYPE!



I'VE KNOWN DACY FOR A LONG TIME, MONTY. AND HE'S A GOOD JOE, EVEN THOUGH HE'S GOT SOME PECULIAR IDEAS ABOUT SOME PEOPLE BEIN' BETTER THAN OTHERS. MAYBE IF WE HANG AROUND WE CAN SHOW HIM HOW WRONG HE IS!



YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE. OKAY, I'LL STAY!

THAT'S SWELL!...OH, THIS BED. WAKE ME UP A WEEK FROM TUESDAY!



ONE HOUR LATER.

WHAT GIVES? THIS IS A MIGHTY FAST TUESDAY!

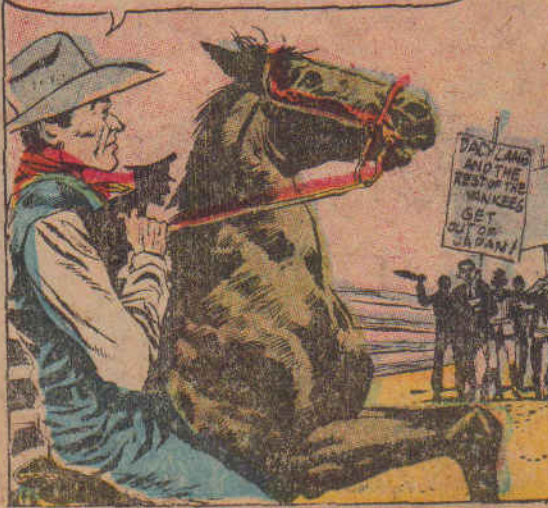
WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO WATCH DACY PRACTICE FOR THE OPENIN' OF HIS RODEO TOMORROW.



WHAT'S HAPPENIN' OVER THERE? LOOKS LIKE A NICE MEDIUM SIZE RHUBARB!



SEE... WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THESE MANGY COYOTES? THEY AIN'T TO BE TRUSTED!!



COME ON, BUCKARDOOS! LET'S GO AFTER 'EM!

THEY ARE JUST A BUNCH OF MALCONTENTED HOTHEADS, DACY. YOU'LL FIND THEM IN ANY COUNTRY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEATHER-NECK? LOST YOUR NERVE?

NO, NOR MY HEAD EITHER. TAKE IT EASY, PIN HEAD!



THERE'S GOING TO BE REAL TROUBLE. AND DACY LANG'S IN JAPAN TO SPREAD GOOD WILL. THAT'S A LAUGH!

SAY, LOOK! BOTH SIDES ARE SLOWIN' DOWN. SOMETHIN'S STOPPIN' 'EM!



I, JIRO, WRETCHED SHOE-SHINE BOY MOST! WELL, HUMBL Y SORRY. HONORABLE COWBOY, I'LL BE SIR. WE IN JAPAN VERY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU RIDE BUCKING HORSE!



YOU LITTLE BOY, DON'T MIX WITH AFFAIR OF MEN.

KONO, YOU BAF MAN, YOU TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE BETWEEN JAPAN AND AMERICA!



I'M HOG-TIED! MAYBE I BEEN WRONG ABOUT SOME OF YOU JAPANESE AFTER ALL. JIRO, YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE GUEST OF HONOR AT MY BRONCO BUSTIN' TOMORROW!



YOU HONOR THIS UNWORTHY ONE!

YANKEE COWBOY WILL NOT RIDE TOMORROW I, KONO, WILL SEE TO THAT. THEN THESE PEOPLE WILL SEE HOW AMERICA KEEP ITS WORD. --IN LITTLE THINGS AS IN BIG--



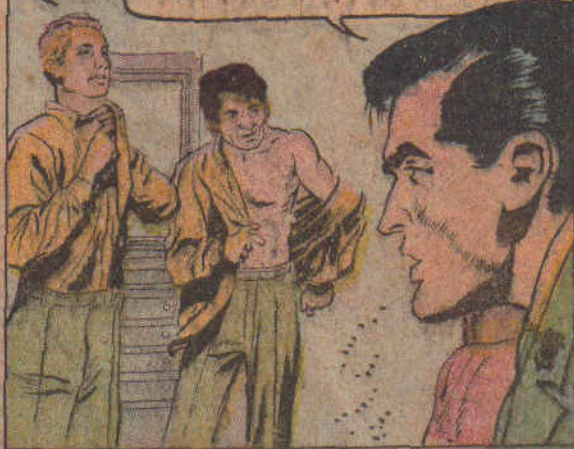
LATE THE
NEXT
MORNING

HEY, GISMOS, HIT THE DECK!
DACY'S DISAPPEARED!



BUT
WHAT
HAPPENED?

NOBODY KNOWS! HE WENT FOR A RIDE
IN THAT BIG WHITE CAR OF HIS... AND
THAT'S THE LAST SEEN OF HIM.
THEY THINK HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!



SO WHAT MAKE 'EM
THINK HE'S BEEN
KIDNAPPED?

WAIT 'TILL WE GET TO THE
FIELD. YOU'LL SEE THEN.



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, MONTY!



MAJOR, THIS IS MY PAL,
TEX. THE ONE I'VE
BEEN TELLING
YOU ABOUT.

GOOD, TEX, YOU'RE
TAKING LANE'S PLACE
IN THE SHOW TODAY... THAT
IS IF HE DOESN'T RETURN
IN TIME!



YOU LITTLE BOY,
BUT BIG TROUBLE
MAKER!

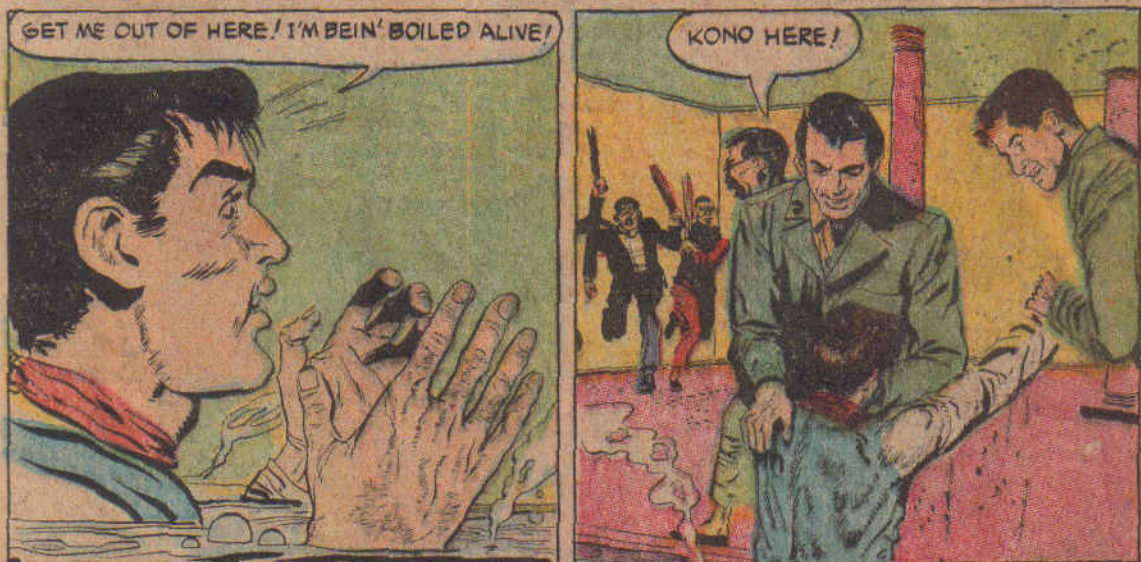
LET ME GO! I'VE NEWS OF
THE COWBOY-SAN!











WE FIGHT YOU, LIKE THEY
FIGHT YOU IN KOREA. WE
TEACH JAPANESE WHO
REAL FRIENDS!

I'VE GOT A HORRIBLE SUSPICION
THAT YOUR FACE IS GOING TO
RUN SMACK INTO MY FIST!

GOT ENOUGH, KONO?
YELL UNCLE IF
YOU HAVE!

ENOUGH!
UNCLE
ENOUGH!



WHAT'S THAT STUFF ON
YOU? IT LOOKS LIKE BEAN
SOUP... IT SMELLS LIKE
BEAN SOUP... BUT IT
COULDN'T BE!

AND WHY NOT?
IT SO HAPPENS,
WE LIKE BEAN
SOUP!

I GO OUT FOR MY USUAL EARLY MORNIN' SPIN, THEN
THIS HOMBRE KONO, WHO'S BEEN HIDIN' IN THE
BACK UNDER A BLANKET USES A BLACKJACK ON ME.
AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER 'TILL I WAKE UP
PLUMB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIGGEST MESS OF
BEAN SOUP I'VE EVER SEEN... EVEN
IN TEXAS!

THE JAPANESE
OFFICIALS WERE
VERY GLAD TO
GET THEIR
HANDS ON
KONO. HE AND
HIS GANG OF
TROUBLE-
MAKERS!

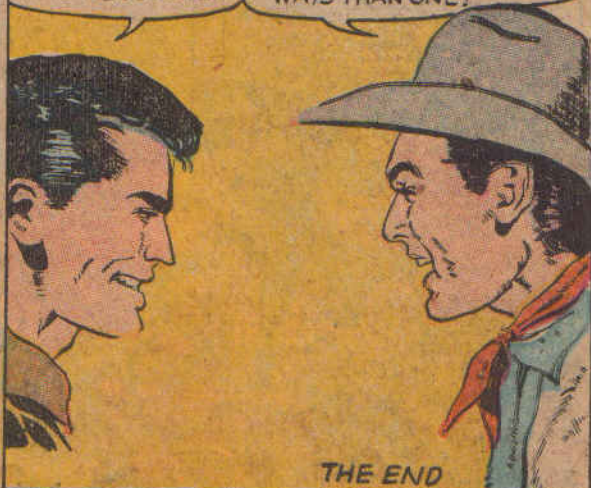
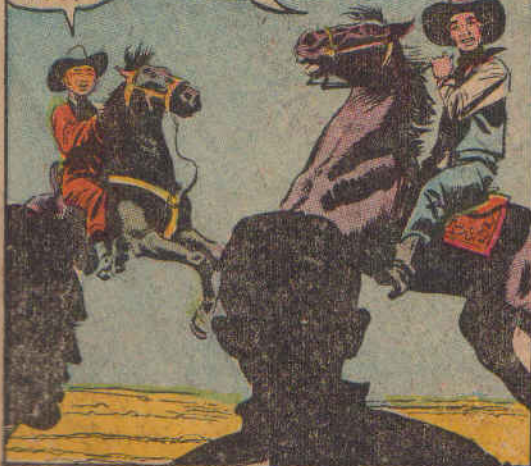


SEE, I RIDE
BUCKING
BRONCO
TOO!

YOU SHORE DO. JIRO-CHAN, I AIM
TO MAKE YOU A REAL GENUINE
COWBOY 'FORE I LEAVE.

WELL, SO LONG,
DACY. OUR LITTLE
'R' IS ABOUT OVER.

SO LONG, MONTY. AND THANKS
FOR WAKIN' ME UP IN MORE
WAYS THAN ONE!



THE END

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they'll
never
forget



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MONTY HALL

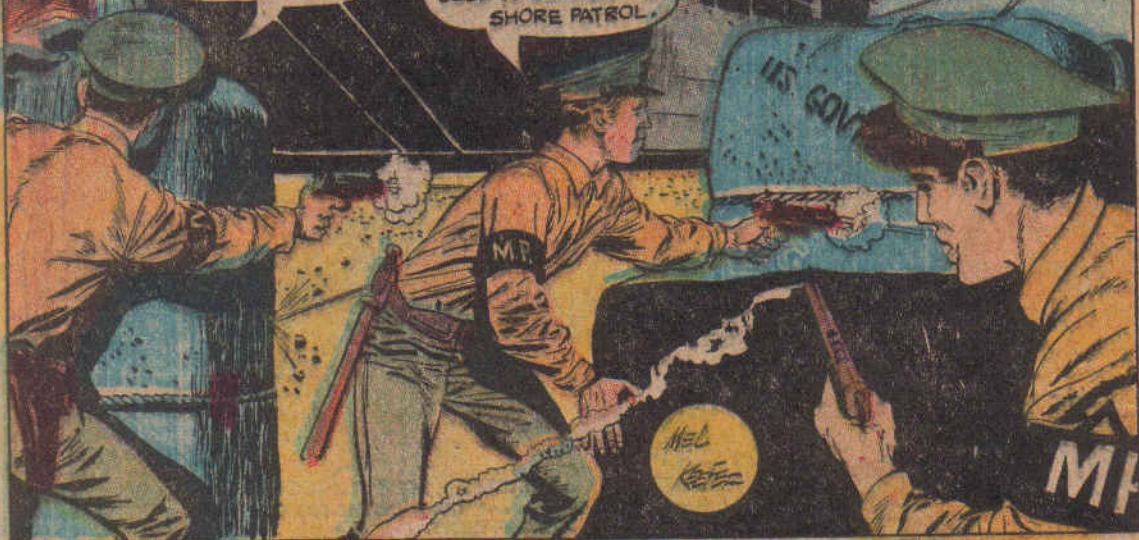
"ASSIGNMENT for DANGER"

MONTY, TEX AND CANARSIE HAVE BEEN GIVEN A NEW ASSIGNMENT...TO TRY TO FIND THE RINGLEADERS OF A GANG OF SABOTEURS AND THIEVES WHO ARE CAUSING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF DAMAGE TO AMERICA'S GREAT EFFORT IN REARMING EUROPE. ATTACHED TO A SPECIAL UNIT OF THE SHORE PATROL, THEY'RE COVERING THE WATERFRONT OF A BIG EUROPEAN PORT, THE RECEPTION CENTER FOR MUCH OF THE VAST QUANTITY OF MATERIAL BEING SENT OVERSEAS.

I'M SHOOTIN' LIKE A LADY MARINE WEARIN' KID GLOVES. I CAN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A SHRIMP BOAT!

I'M NOT DOIN' SO HOT MYSELF, CANARSIE! GUESS WE JUST AREN'T USED TO BEIN' ON THE SHORE PATROL.

HOLD YOUR FIRE. IT'S NO GOOD, AS USUAL, WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY. SURE LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY GET PLENTY OF ADVANCE NOTICE WHENEVER WE GO ON PATROL!



WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE, MEN?

NOTHING, AS USUAL, THEY GOT AWAY, CAPT'N YOUNG.

WANT TO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, CANARSIE. YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE WHO'S AROUND LISTENIN'!

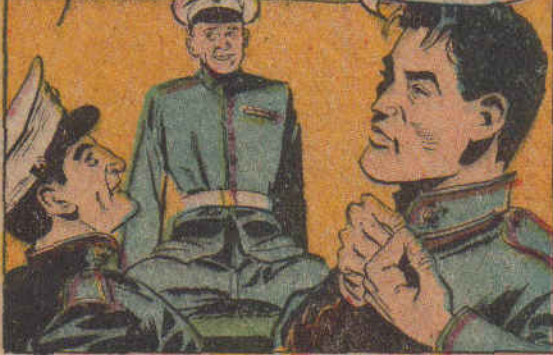
CHUCK SHEFFIELD! JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT THE WATERFRONT IS THE NATURAL GATHERIN' PLACE FOR ALL KINDS OF RATS!

THAT CAPTAIN YOUNG ALWAYS TURNS UP WHEN THE SHOOTIN' IS OVER. WHAT A CHARACTER. WONDER HOW HE EVER RATED A UNIFORM?



I DON'T MIND TAKIN A RIBBING, BUT NOT FROM A SHMO LIKE SHEFFIELD. WHERE DOES HE GET ALL THAT MONEY TO THROW AROUND LIKE HE DOES?

MAYBE GOING OUT WITH HIM TONIGHT WILL GIVE US THE ANSWERS, DIM BRAIN. FOR INSTANCE, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY IT IS THAT WHENEVER WE GO ON PATROL ON THE WATERFRONT, HE POPS UP SOONER OR LATER.



YOU GYRENES SURE LOOKED SILLY COMIN' AROUND THOSE BOXES WITH YOUR PISTOLS SHOWING. I OWE YOU THIS TREAT FOR THE LAUGH YOU GAVE ME.

WE CAN'T ALL BE AS SMART AS YOU, CHUCK.



YOU FIND EVERYTHING GOOD? FOOD? MUSIC?

BROOKLYN, CORRECT. COULDN'T BE BETTER, YVETTE. OUT WITH CHUCK SAY YOU'RE QUITE A SINGER, TOO.

THE TONSILS, BABY.



SAY, IT MUST BE NICE TO BE IN THE CHIPS. THAT'S QUITE A BANKROLL YOU'RE SPORTING THERE, CHUCK.

AIN'T IT THOUGH? GOT A RICH UNCLE. HE KEEPS ME SUPPLIED REAL WELL!



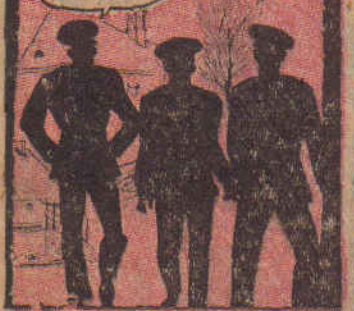
THE ONLY RICH UNCLE HE'S GOT IS UNCLE SAM!

AND HE'S SURE TAKIN' HIM FOR PLENTY!

COULD BE. COME ON, LET'S GO BACK TO THE BARRACKS. GUESS WE'VE FOUND OUT ALL WE'RE GOING TO, TONIGHT.



YOU'RE RIGHT, FELLOWS. LOOKS AS IF CHUCK IS MIXED UP WITH THE WATERFRONT GANGS, BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY PROOF. THERE'S AN UNDERCOVER AGENT WORKING ON IT TOO. AND WHEN THE TIME COMES TO GIVE US SOME INFORMATION, HE'LL SLIP US THE PASSWORD. THAT'S AS FAR AS WE CAN GO NOW.

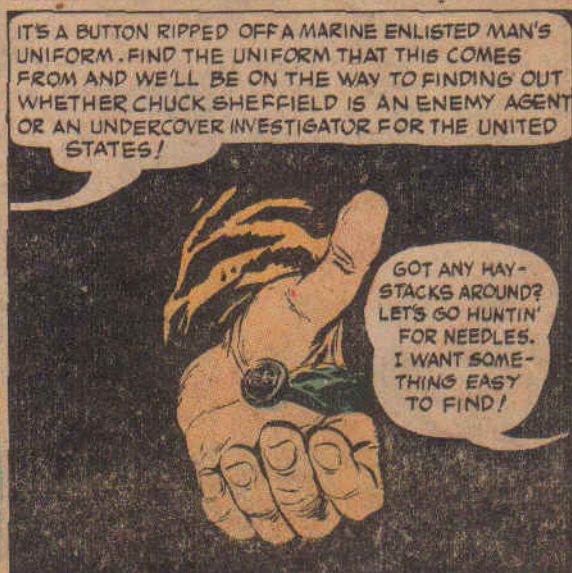
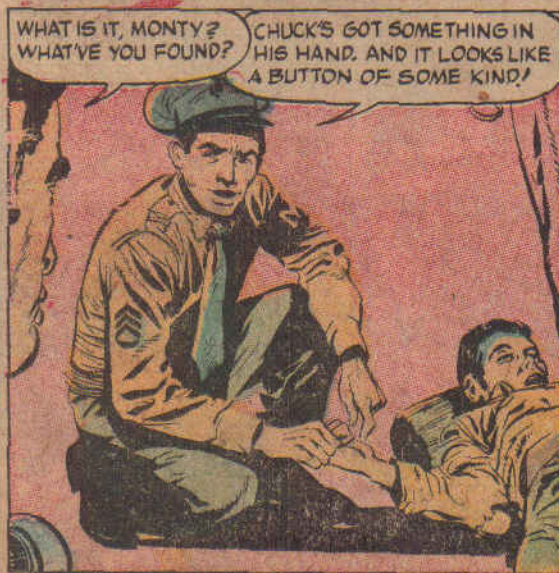
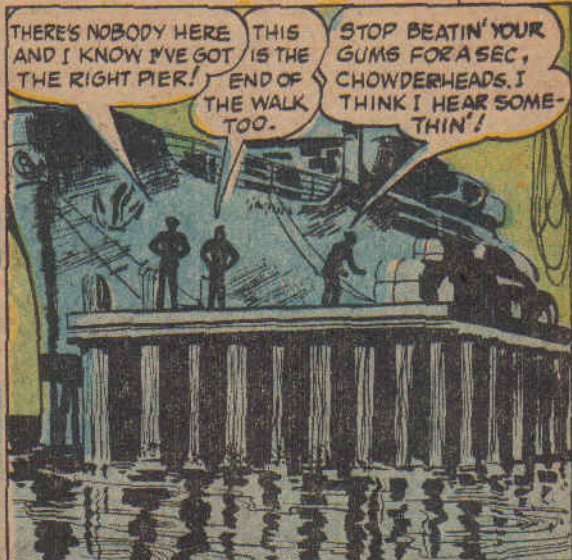
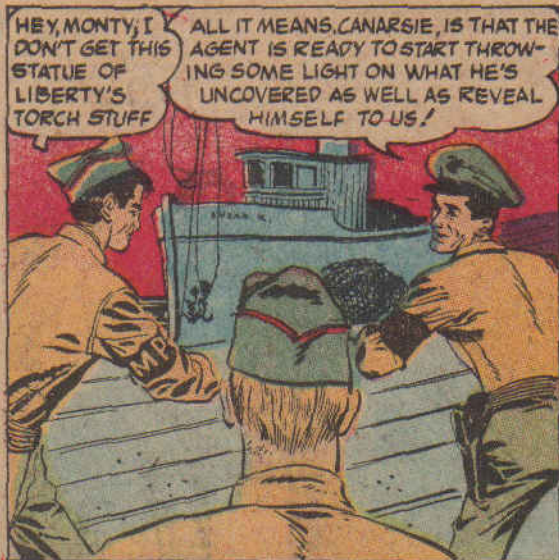


HEY, MONTY, LOOK. SOMEBODY'S LEFT YOU A LOVE NOTE!



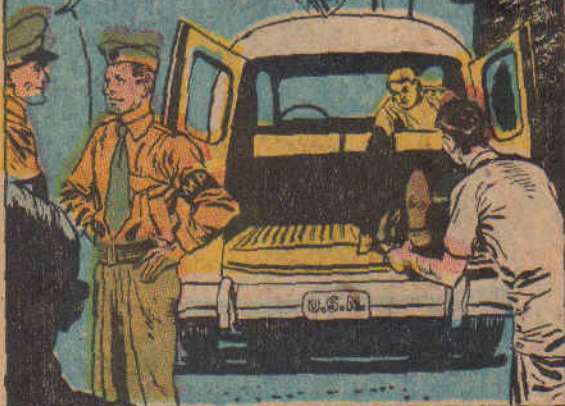
LOVE NOTE, NOTHING. IT'S THE PASSWORD!





FIRST THING, WE'LL GO ON TO SICK BAY. MAYBE BY THE TIME WE REACH THERE, CHUCK WILL BE ABLE TO TALK.

YOU MEAN IF HE'S WILLING OR ABLE TO!

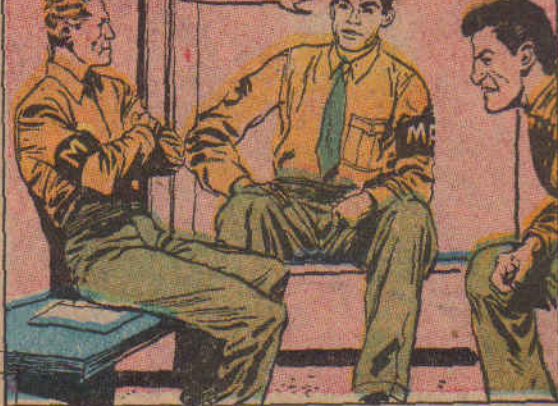


WHAT COOKS, MONTY? DID CHUCK OPEN UP?

NOTHING TO REPORT. GOT TO TRY TO FIND THAT TORN UNIFORM... THAT'S ALL. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH OF THE BASE.

HAYSTACK, HERE WE COME!

QUIET WARD



HERE COMES CANARSIE. FIGHT I GOT HEY, ANY LUCK?

THE ONLY THING I DREW WAS A COUPLE OF JERKS WHO THOUGHT I WAS STEALIN' THEIR STUFF!

THIS IS THE LAST OF THE QUARTERS TOO. NOW WHAT?

MONTY, YOU FORGOT THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE OF ALL, TONY GARCIA'S TAILOR SHOP!

CANARSIE, YOU'VE HAD YOURSELF A BRAINSTORM. LET'S GO!

WELL, TONY, WHAT GIVES? DID OR DIDN'T THE BUTTON COME FROM THAT UNIFORM?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, MONTY. LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

5 DAY SERVICE



IT FITS! WHO BELONGS TO THIS JACKET TONY?

A GISMO NAMED FRANK DOYLE. HE BROUGHT IT IN THIS MORNING FOR FIXING AND WAS PLENTY BURNED UP TOO. BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

WELLS
ILLUSTRATED
1950



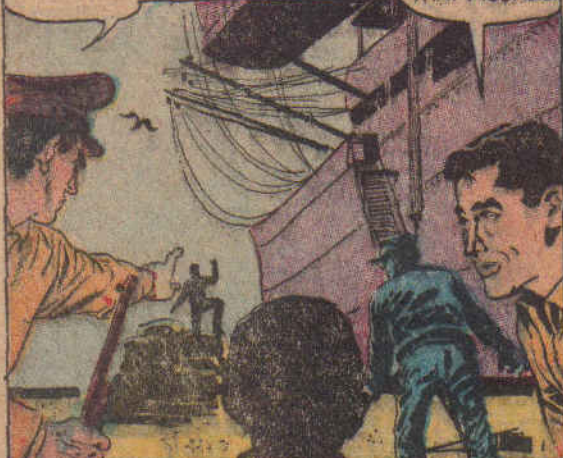
YOU'VE KNOWN ME A LONG TIME, TONY. AND YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T ASK YOU FOR ANY INFORMATION UNLESS MY REASONS WERE STRICTLY ON THE UP AND UP.

OKAY, MONTY, ON YOUR SAY SO, YOU'LL FIND DOYLE WORKIN' THE DOCK DETAIL AT PIER 6!



THAT'S DOYLE UP THERE ON THE BALES, HE'S FLYIN' DANGER SIGNALS, SO BE CAREFUL. HE'S GOT A VICIOUS TEMPER!

REAL HANDY WITH HIS FISTS, EH? THAT FIGURES.



WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', YOU KNUCKLEHEADS. WANT TO GET THAT SAWDUST YOU CALL BRAINS KNOCKED OUT?

THANKS, DOYLE. YOU ARE DOYLE, AREN'T YOU?



YEAH, I'M DOYLE. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

JUST THIS. DID YOU LOSE A BUTTON AND PART OF YOUR UNIFORM LAST NIGHT?



YEAH, THAT'S MINE. GIVE IT TO ME! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

NOT SO FAST, DOYLE. WE FOUND IT, JUST WHERE YOU LOST IT. IN CHUCK SHEFFIELD'S HAND. HE'S NOT TALKING, BUT YOU CAN AND WILL!



I DON'T GET THIS. WHAT ARE YOU CHARACTERS DOIN'? GANGIN' UP ON ME?

JUST COME CLEAN DOYLE. THAT'S ALL PUT IT STRAIGHT OUT WHERE WE CAN SEE IT.



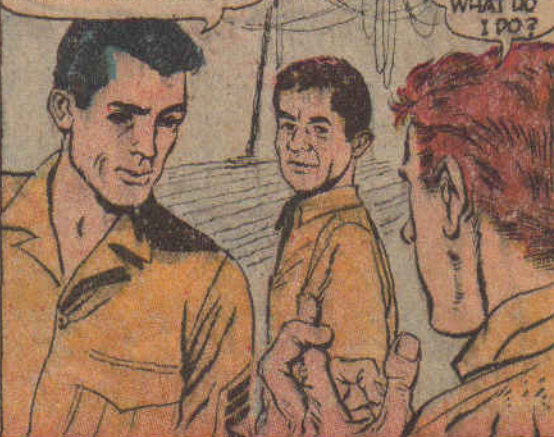
THAT'S IT, FELLOWS, I AIN'T GIVIN' YOU A LOT OF CHIN MUSIC. I FOUND MY UNIFORM THROWN ACROSS MY SACK, LOOKIN' BUT SLOPPY! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

YOU KNOW, MONTY, HE SOUNDS REAL CONVINCIN'.



HE DOES SOUND CONVINCING, TEX... ALMOST TOO MUCH SO. DOYLE, IF YOU'RE REALLY ON THE LEVEL, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO TACKLE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT PROVE PRETTY DANGEROUS?

DANGER! AND ME ARE LIKE THAT, BUDDIES! WHAT DO I DO?





NOSIRE, NEVER BEEN IN THERE. PRICES TOO HIGH FOR MY POCKET!

WELL, YOU'RE GOING IN THERE NOW AND START SPREADING THE WORD AROUND THAT YOU KNOW WHO TOOK YOUR UNIFORM AND GOT IT MESSED UP.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A SITTIN' DUCK, DOYLE?



I'VE GOT A FEELIN', BROOKLYN BOY, THAT I WON'T BE DOIN' MUCH SITTIN' AND IF IT COMES TO FIGHTIN', I'M PRETTY GOOD AT DUCKIN'.

NO FIGHTING, DOYLE. YOU'RE JUST TO SIT THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN. IF YOU'RE NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, WE'RE COMING AFTER YOU!



IT'S ALMOST AN HOUR AND A HALF SINCE DOYLE WENT IN THERE. COME ON, GYRENE, WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!



YVETTE! HAVE YOU SEEN THE OTHER MARINE? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM?

THE RED-HEADED ONE? HE CAME IN, TALKED LOUDLY, THERE WAS A FIGHT!

DOYLE'S ATOMIC TEMPER MUST HAVE BLASTED LOOSE, AND LOOKS LIKE HE FORGOT TO DUCK!



AND YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO TOP DECK?

YES, THEY TOOK HIM UP THERE. BE CAREFUL. I GO NOW. NO ONE MUST SEE ME WITH YOU.

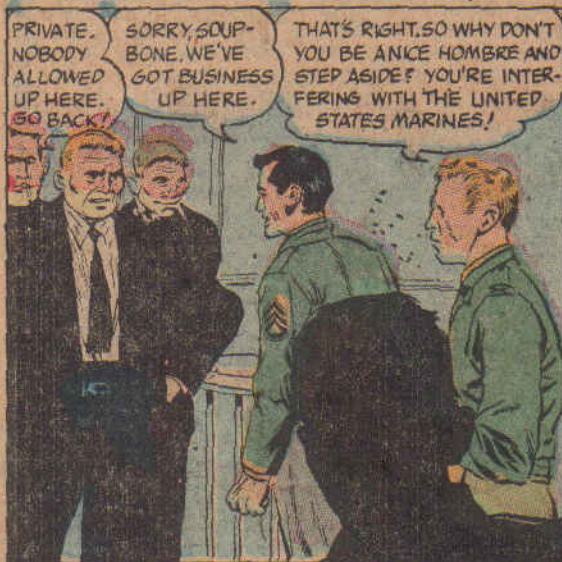


SHE'S A REAL HELPFUL DAME.

MAYBE TOO HELPFUL. LOOK WHAT'S WAITING FOR US!



OOPS!



PRIVATE. NOBODY ALLOWED UP HERE. GO BACK!

SORRY, SOUP-BONE. WE'VE GOT BUSINESS UP HERE.

THAT'S RIGHT, SO WHY DON'T YOU BE AN ICE HOMBRE AND STEP ASIDE? YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH THE UNITED STATES MARINES!



HEY, YOU, DOWN THERE! IT'S CAPTAIN YOUNG! WHAT'S HE DOIN' AROUND HERE?

WHERE, CANARSIE? WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, YOU GO, NOW, ALL OF YOU!



GET YOUR BIG PAWS OFF ME. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PUSHIN' AROUND?

COME ON, TEX. THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR CUE!



COME ON, TEX. WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S GOING AFTER REINFORCEMENTS. WHAT ROOM DID CAPT'N YOUNG GO INTO, CANARSIE?

LAST DOOR ON THIS SIDE, MONTY!



WELL, LOOK AT THAT, WILL YOU? CORPORAL DOYLE ALL WRAPPED UP LIKE A PRESENT!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER WAIT 'TIL CHRISTMAS TO OPEN IT. SANTA CLAUS MIGHT GET MAD AT US IF WE DON'T.

UR.. UGH.. UF..!



WHAT GIVES, DOYLE? WHAT HAPPENED?

I CAME IN JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME, AND STARTED BEER-ING ABOUT MY UNIFORM. THEN A BUNCH OF GORILLAS CAME OVER TO MY TABLE AND INVITED ME UPSTAIRS. I WAS KIND OF BASHFUL, BUT THEY PERSUADED ME FAST LIKE!



ANYBODY GO THROUGH THAT, DOYLE?

YEAH, JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO. AND THAT'S A FUNNY THING, I'D SWORE IT WAS CAPT'N YOUNG. BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. OR IS IT?

HEY, WE'RE GETTIN' MORE COMPANY. THE MUSCLE BOYS ARE COMIN' BACK. AND WITH REINFORCEMENTS.

WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. WE'LL USE THE SKYLIGHT!

SORRY, OLD CHAP, BUT I CAN'T STAY! I ALWAYS LEAVE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT TOO. NO DOORS FOR ME!

WE'LL TRY THE OTHER ROOFS. MAYBE WE'LL FIND AN OPEN DOOR OR ANOTHER SKY-LIGHT OR SOMETHING!

WE'LL LET'S START MAKIN' SOME FAR AWAY TRACKS. NOW

HEY, THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US!

THE LAST ROOF

THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS BUILDING!

SO WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S START EXPLORIN'!

NOT SO FAST, YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT, BUT NOT QUITE THE WAY YOU MEANT. THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR YOU.

IT'S CAPT'N YOUNG!

I KNOW ONE THING...WHAT-
EVER YOUR REAL NAME IS,
I BET IT ISN'T YOUNG!
AND YOU'RE NO
CAPTAIN EITHER!

NOT IN YOUR ARMY,
SERGEANT. MY
ASSIGNMENT OF STEAL-
ING AND SABOTAGE WAS
WORKING FINE UNTIL YOU
THREE CAME ON THE SCENE.
NOBODY EVEN
SUSPECTED ME.

AND THAT'S THE
UNDERSTATEMENT
OF THE YEAR,
MR. MARANKOV!

YOU KNOW
MY NAME!

CHUCK SHEFFIELD!
TO THE RESCUE!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!
WHAT TOOK YOU
SO LONG?

SHEFFIELD! YEAH, YOU THOUGHT I WAS I THOUGHT. DEAD AFTER YOU FOLLOWED ME ON THAT PIER AND LAMMED ME ONE. YOUR GAG OF DRESSING UP IN THAT MARINE UNIFORM REALLY WORKED. I DIDN'T SUSPECT YOU TILL IT WAS TOO LATE!

SO HE'S THE DIRTY CRUMB THAT TOOK MY UNIFORM. LET ME AT HIM!
TAKE IT EASY, DOYLE. NOBODY'S GOING TO DO ANYTHING TO MR. MARANKOV HERE. WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM LATER IS UP TO THE BIG BRASS, NOT US!

BUT, MONTY. WHEN DID YOU KNOW SHEFFIELD WAS THE AGENT?
WHEN WE FOUND HIM AT THE DOCK. WHEN I LEANED OVER HIM, HE WHISPERED THE PASSWORD TO ME JUST BEFORE HE PASSED OUT, BUT I WASN'T SURE I HEARD CORRECTLY AND THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO SEE HIM AT THE SICK BAY!



WHEN MONTY CAME IN TO SEE ME, WE DECIDED I'D KEEP ON BEING UNCONSCIOUS FOR A WHILE AND HE WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING. NOT EVEN TO YOU TWO. WE DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE YOUNG OFF. HE'S BEEN UNDER SUSPICION FOR A LONG TIME, BUT WE HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PIN ANYTHING DEFINITE ON HIM. BUT THANKS TO YOU LEATHERNECKS, NOW WE'VE GOT HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM!



CHUCK! IS EVERYTHING, WHAT YOU SAY, OKAY?
IT'S JIM DANDY, BABY, YOU DID FINE!
YOU MEAN THIS HERE SAGE HEN WAS IN ON THE DEAL TOO?



DEAL? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. WHEN CHUCK GET HURT, I GET MAD, THEN WHEN REDHEADED MARINE GET CAPTURED, I GET SCARED. AFTER YOU COME, I RUN AWAY.
NOT QUITE ACCURATE, BABY. YOU RAN AWAY, TRUE, BUT RIGHT TO THE AUTHORITIES. AS SOON AS I GOT WORD OF WHAT WAS GOING ON, I DECIDED THAT I'D HAD ENOUGH OF BEING AN INVALID!



RECKON WE BETTER PULL STAKES AND LEAVE THOSE LOVEBIRDS ALONE!
GOOD IDEA, JEX. COME ON CANARSE, AND STOP DROOLING.
YEAH, SURE. ONLY THING I WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT HAS THAT SHEFFIELD GOT THAT I HAVEN'T? OUTSIDE OF A BUMP ON THE HEAD MAYBE?



THE END

SHORT TIMER

By

Staff Sergeant C. F. X. Houls

Marine Corps Correspondent

"I don't know about you guys, but my time is just about up." Corporal DeSantis removed his heavy mittens and put a cigarette between his lips. "Yeah, in a couple of days I'll be rotated back to the States."

He bent his head to the match held cupped in his frozen fingers, inhaled, and the cigarette tip glowed brightly in the icy Korean night.

PING! A sniper's bullet plowed into the ice not six inches from his head. Quickly the little corporal ground out his smoke.

"Man, those Commies are on the ball tonight," he muttered, shaken.

"Keep up the good work, bright boy, and you'll get home — in a box," Sergeant Williams growled.

"What kind of a war are we fighting? You can't see anything, light up a butt, and a hunk of ice sights in on you," complained the corporal.

The Marine rifle squad had been on the line for several days and the tension was beginning to tell on already exhausted nerves.

"Look, Joey, we've got it made. All we've got to do is to hold this hill until the company can get some heavy weapons up here. See that road down there? A few 37s or 75mm recoilless rifles can zero in on that pass and nothing can get through. That's what we're doing here," explained the Sergeant.

"I know, Sarge, but I'm getting too short to have these gooks snapping in on me every time I light a butt."

"Then don't smoke at night, especially when all those ridges are crawling with Red snipers."

Somewhere on the left front, a Communist heavy machine gunner sprayed the area around the Marine position.

"See what you started? That jerk was sleeping. Now he'll practice searching fire and spoil our sack-time."

"Sack-time? I haven't had any real sleep since we hit this rock," complained Corporal DeSantis.

"Beats me how all you short timers start beating your gums whenever some Commie so much as burps near you."

"When he starts burping with a burp-gun, that's when I take cover." Corporal DeSantis hunched lower into his parka and closed his eyes.

"Sarge, I'm gonna get that machine gun. How's for me taking my fire team out in the morning and lowering the boom on that jerk?"

"No soap, kid," laughed Sergeant Williams, "Remember your rotation and all those good looking girls in New England."

"Ha, the girls, that's it. I'll get some beauty sleep. You guys can win the war alone from now on."

"Well, you won't be getting any beauty sleep for another two hours. It's 0200 and you have security watch." Sergeant Williams reminded his corporal.

"Yipes, and I promised to relieve that Dixon early," Corporal DeSantis sat up, checked his rifle, and started to crawl away.

"Joey, no target practice out there. Don't shoot unless they come charging. Don't go trigger happy on me," warned the other Marine.

"Check, Sarge, I'm okay," laughed the wiry corporal as he crawled off to take over the watch.

Sergeant Williams smiled a little as he tried to make himself comfortable. He'd miss little Joey DeSantis. The icy winds and the high altitude chilled him to the bone. Lines of exhaustion grooved his face as he relaxed.

"Hi, Sarge," Williams started as a voice spoke almost in his ear.

"Oh, it's you, Dixon. Better knock off sneaking up on guys without warning 'em. You're liable to catch a bayonet in your throat that way." The big sergeant rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"What's doing out yonder?"

"All quiet on our ridge, but we're getting some sniper fire from the left front. I think it's a diversionary action. There seems to be a lot of activity going on in the valley, but it's still too dark to see anything. DeSantis said I'd better tell you about it."

"Check, boy, and it means some quick work. I know you and your fire team are pooped but I'll need every man for this detail. I want to dig supplementary firing positions to cover the slope in that direction." Walking over to the area in question, Williams made a quick survey, marked out places for the foxholes, and turned to Corporal Dixon.

"How's to get your team hot on these holes? I'll get Hand's team to give you some help right away."

"Okay, troops," Dixon said to his fire team, "Let's go. Dig 'em nice and deep, this'll be your new home."

Soon both fire teams were hard at work digging up the frozen ground. As silently as possible they worked in the heavy darkness of the Korean night.

Sergeant Williams made his way to DeSantis and told him what the rest of the squad was doing.

"Joey, I want you to return sniper fire, but not too much. We want these reds to think that they have us snowed. If they come up that slope we'll blast 'em."

"Okay, Sarge, you can count on me," replied DeSantis.

"When the party starts, leave two riflemen here and you and the BAR-man come on the double. We'll need all the fire power we can get. Good luck, Joey."

"Luck, Sarge," echoed the little corporal. Back at the new ground defenses, the Marines were almost finished. Automatic weapons were trained on the most probable avenues of approach, and the Leathernecks were checking their weapons.

"Hey, Hand," whispered Sergeant Williams, "break out some illuminating grenades and all the fragmentation grenades we've got. We want to see what's coming when this party starts."

"Already broken out, Sarge," answered Corporal Hand.

"Fine, all we've got to do now is wait."

The wait proved to be short-lived. A single rifle shot from the valley shattered the icy stillness. It was a signal for the snipers on the hill to open fire.

"Okay, boys, keep it calm. Let those gooks waste ammo. Don't shoot unless you have a sure shot, we don't have too much ammo." Corporal DeSantis approached each member of his fire team with confident words of instruction and reassurance.

On the other slope, Sergeant Williams kept his squad intact.

"Hand, no firing until I give the word. How's your ammo?"

"Pretty low, Sarge. I've got about forty grenades and, say, fifty rounds per man. There's about thirty magazines for each BAR. Dixon and I have divided up our ammo."

"Good work. Remember, I'll give the word."

"Check, Sarge."

"They're sneaking up the slope, Sarge," reported Dixon.

"I'm going to be firing from time to time. Don't open fire until I tell you to. I want these clowns to think their little trick has us snowed."

"Okay, and take it easy, Sarge."

Before Sergeant Williams could fire a round, the advancing Communists opened fire at a jangling bugle call. Shouting and screaming, they scrambled up the slope. Williams waited. On rushed the Chinese troops. Williams shouted to his corporals:

"Lob those illuminating grenades at 'em."

In a few seconds the grenades exploded among the Red troops. Each grenade flared and lit up the area at 60,000 candlepower. Outlined in the brilliant glare, some 100 Communists stood revealed.

"Commence firing," shouted Sergeant Williams, and with a cheer, the Leathernecks, each selecting a target, opened fire. The two Browning Automatic Rifles joined in, and in the face of this withering fire the front line of Communists reeled and fell. Like men gone mad, the fanatical Chinese

clambered over the bodies of their fallen comrades and hurled themselves at the Marine emplacement.

Calmly, the battle-proven Leathernecks continued to take their toll of Red lives with BAR, rifle, and hand grenade.

"Sarge, me and my BAR-man will take 'em in the flank," reported Corporal DeSantis, arriving on the scene.

"Good idea, Joey, but be careful," warned the squad leader.

Swiftly DeSantis and his automatic rifleman made their way to the left flank and started down the slope.

"Joey, I'm hit bad," muttered the BAR-man, falling to his knees.

"Give me that weapon. You try to get back to the squad. See ya, Bennie." The little corporal gathered the ammo magazines, and grasping the heavy BAR, proceeded down the slope. Finding a good position behind a large boulder, Corporal DeSantis opened fire.

Savagely he poured the screaming lead into the unprotected enemy flank. Soon the area around him was littered with expended shells and empty magazines.

A Communist grenade exploded just in front of his position. Joey felt a heavy blow on his head, and warm blood coursed down his face. Ignoring his wounds, the gallant DeSantis continued firing.

A group of Communists detached itself from the main body and made for the little corporal's position. Frantically, he reached for another magazine . . . and a wistful grin spread across his blood-streaked face. There was no more ammunition. Grasping his weapon by its smoking barrel, Corporal DeSantis leaped to his feet.

"Come on, you Commie yardbirds . . ."

Suddenly from the valley came the familiar bub-bub-bub of a Marine heavy machine gun. The Chinese before Joey's position crumbled, but two came on.

Swinging his weapon around his head, Joey sent the heavy butt smashing into the face of the nearest enemy. The other grabbed the Marine and wrestled him to the ground. A knife suddenly appeared in the Red's hand. Joey gasped as it plunged into his side. Again the knife was lifted. DeSantis grasped it with his left hand, and drove his bayonet deep into the man's chest. Then he fell, sprawling across the dead Communist's body.

That's the way they found him, after the enemy had been rounded up. He was bleeding badly, but when Sergeant Williams approached, he managed to grin.

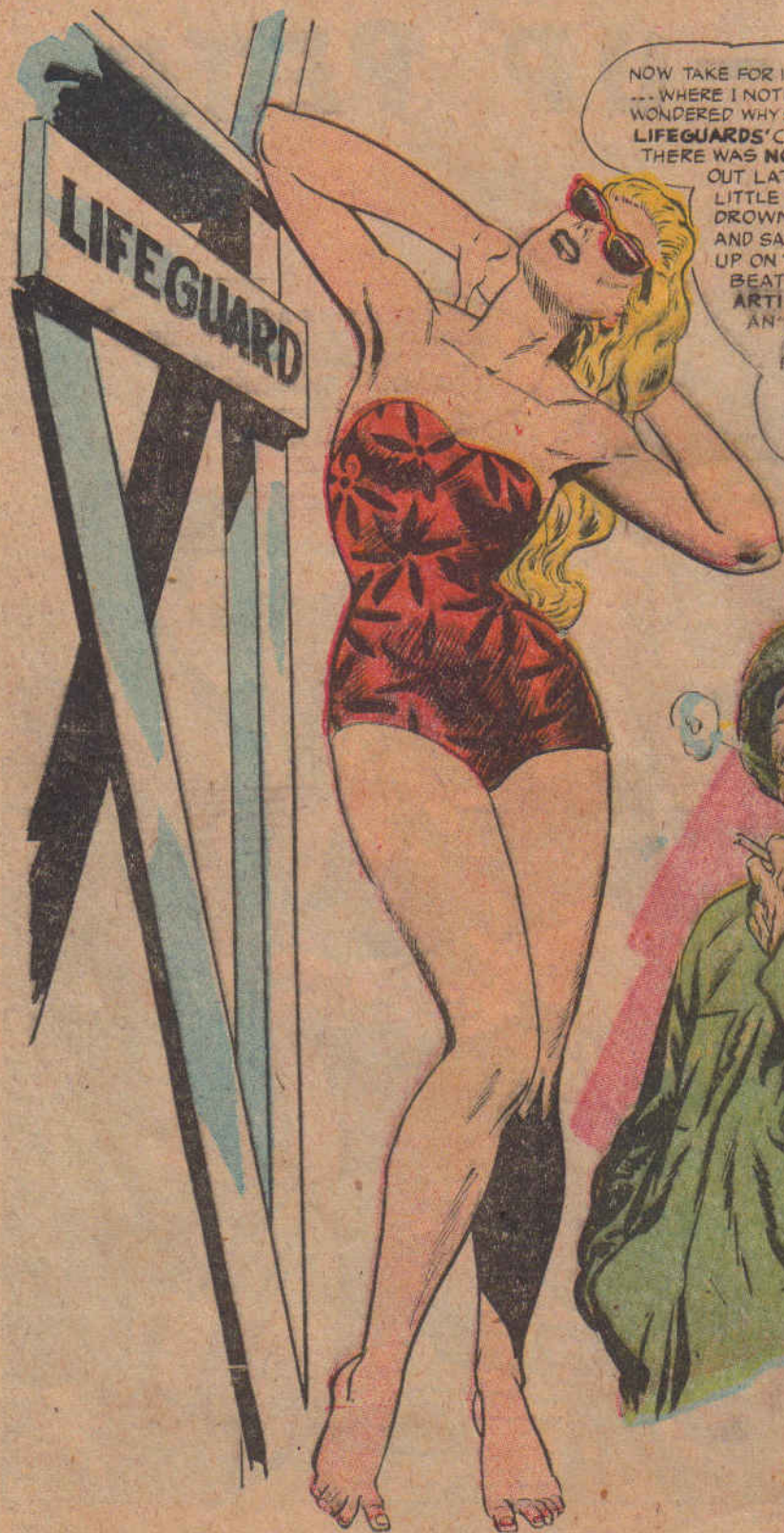
"Don't look so sad, Sarge. The Corpsman said I'd be okay. It's like I said, you guys will have to win the war alone from now on."

"That's right, Joey. Remember those good looking girls in New England and get some beauty sleep." Big, rough, Sergeant Williams savagely brushed the tears from his eyes.

Joey DeSantis was going home.

PIN-UP PETE

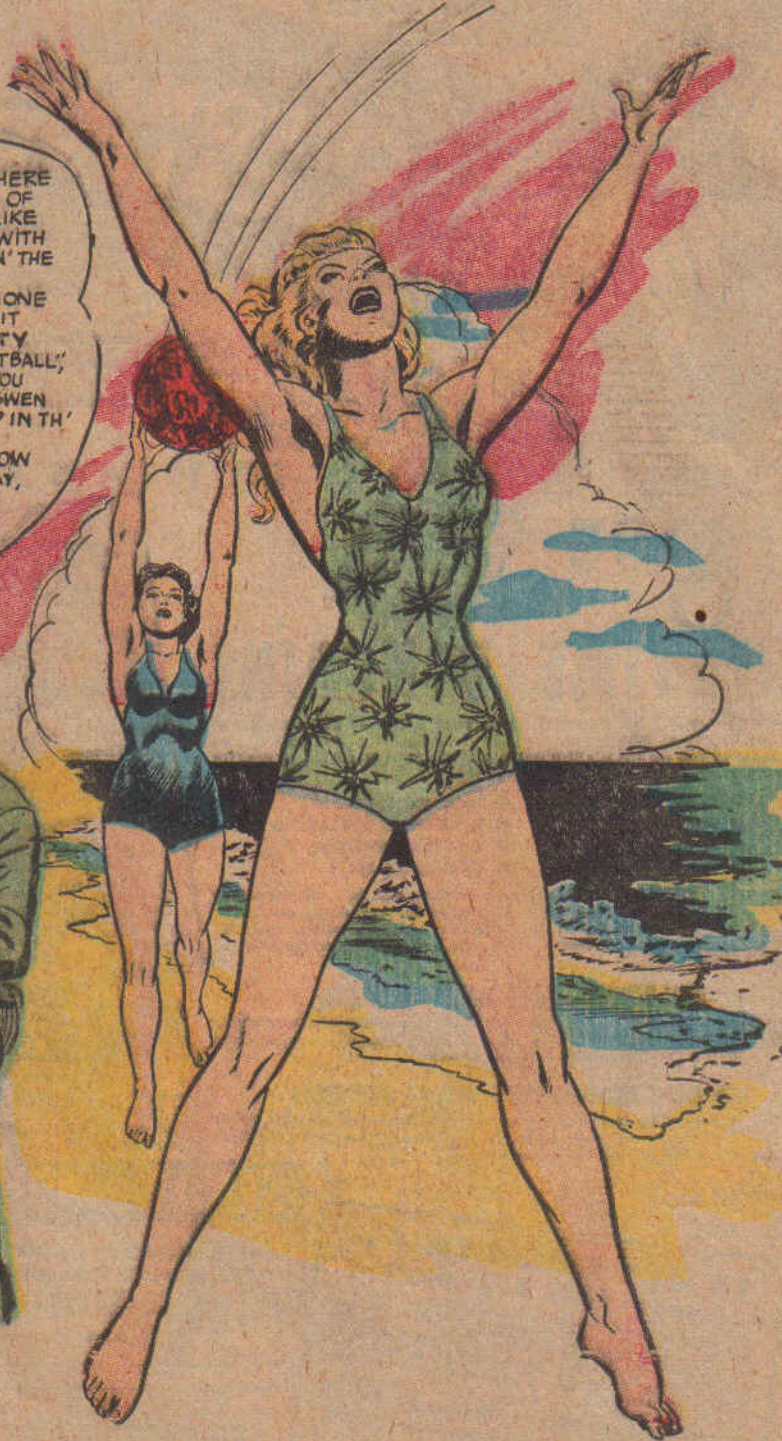




NOW TAKE FOR INSTANCE, BRIGHTON BEACH
... WHERE I NOTICED **SANDRA**. FOR HOURS I
WONDERED WHY SHE ALWAYS HUNG AROUND TH'
LIFEGUARDS' CHAIR, PARTICULARLY SINCE
THERE WAS NO **LIFEGUARD** IN IT... I FOUND
OUT LATER, WHEN I SWAM OUT A
LITTLE TOO FAR AN' NEARLY
DROWNED. **SANDRA** JUMPED IN
AND SAVED ME... DRAGGIN' ME
UP ON THE BEACH AN' NEARLY
BEATIN' ME TO DEATH WITH
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION
AN' FINALLY **BANISHIN'**
ME FROM THE BEACH
PERMANENTLY.
SANDRA
WAS TH'
LIFEGUARD!



EVEN CONEY ISLAND...WHERE
I SPOTS GWEN AN' SOME OF
HER GIRL FRIENDS MAKIN' LIKE
THE NEW YORK KNICKS, WITH
A BASKETBALL. GALS BEIN' THE
WEAKER TYPE SEX, I AIN'T
SURPRISED T' SEE THAT NONE
OF 'EM SEEMS T' THROW IT
MORE THAN FIFTY OR SIXTY
FEET. "PASS ME THE BASKETBALL,"
I SAYS, "AND I'LL SHOW YOU
SOME DISTANCE!" WHICH GWEN
PROMPTLY DOES. I WAKE UP IN TH'
CONEY ISLAND HOSPITAL
TWO DAYS LATER. THAT'S HOW
I MET GWEN, AN' BY TH' WAY,
LEARNED TH' DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A BASKETBALL
AN' A MEDICINE BALL!





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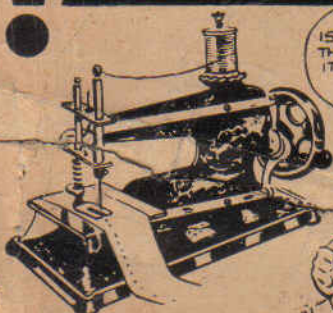
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HELLO!
I'M SANDY!
I DRINK, I WET,
I SLEEP, AND YOU
CAN WAVE MY
HAIR, TOO!

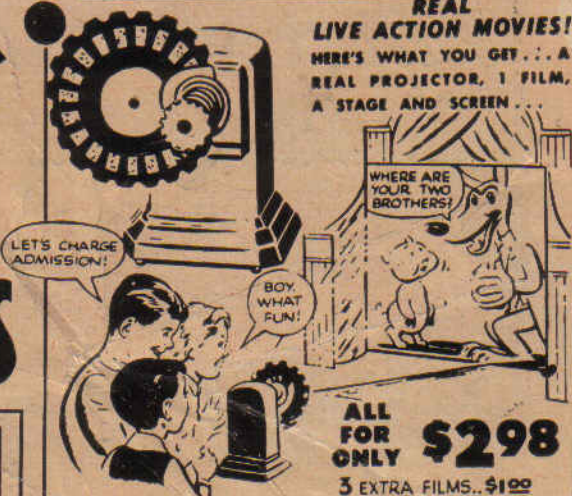
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NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

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WONDER SKIN — JUST
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LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK,
WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER
HAIR WAVED!

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**Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN
—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!**

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

**What Is "Dynamic Tension"?
How Does It Work?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS! "Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

**One Postage Stamp
May Change Your Whole Life!**

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

Over three million fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 374V 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 374V, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



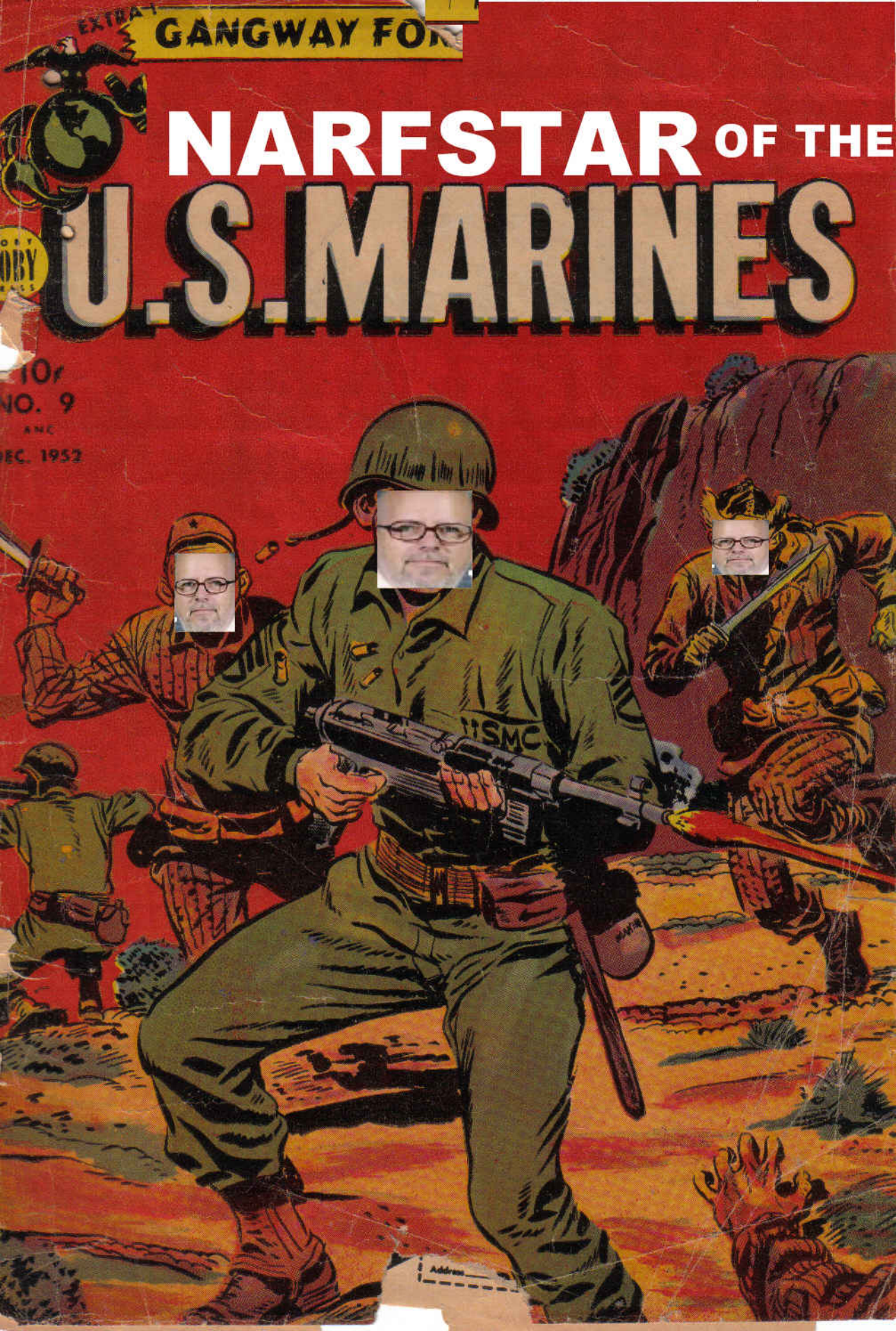
**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 374V
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength" — 32 pages, crammed with photos, answers to vital questions, valuable advice. I understand book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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